

Buttercups, clematis, nasturtium, sweet pca (The last has survived for the youngsters to And balm, for winged callers that sought it in flocks;

Sweet-william and lychnis, and pink and

white phlox. Velvet dahlias and asters and cockscomb beside,

And masses of hollyhocks flaming in pride; Ever snowballs and sunflowers, if not of

Rose holdly to show that they, too, had a place. Syringas and hyacinths these caught the dew And the sur-and the "marvel (so called)

of Peru"; What an army! Too many to singly recall. But our grandmother's garden could welcome them all.

The lilac of springtime is ever in mind; Its fame is as broad as the range of mankind; Long linked with the thoughts of our earliest years,

Its faint, luscious odor brings rapture and tears.

You may boast of the Latin-named flowers of to-day, And the leaf-beds that make such a dashing

display; But I mourn for time's havoe, and long to

The garden that bloomed by our grandmother's door.



But Rolly, who was drumming on the table, slammed a book down and said: "There's only one thing I want—that's father and mother. If they can't be here it's just a beastly bluff."

"Rolly!" I said. But Manny's eyes were closed and Greta's voice said at the door: "It iss time, Meester Treyor, for the children to come to their beds."

The Princess Oki-San wishes to you most desire for a Christmas gift."

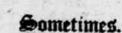
"Hold on a minute, Greta! We've got an up-to-date Japanese fairy here taking orders for Christmas, and

I'm afraid you'll upset her equilibrium!" said Uncle Pat, staring down at Oki-San anxiously.

"Gomen Nasai!" whispered the little voice, and the cover slipped on the box. Oki-San was gone! "That means 'I beg your pardon.' You scared her off, Greta," said Uncle Pat. But Greta only laughed, and carried Manny away. Then I climbed on the arm of his chair, and Rolly flung himself on the other and

"You're a jolly old bluffer, aren't you?"

But all night I seemed to be dreaming of OkiSan in a blue kimono, and in the morning there was a little Japanese doll on Manny's pillow, exactly like Oki-San. Rolly says it's the same one—but I like Uncle Pat's way best. My paint-box was there, too, but it didn't seem at all like Christmas without mother to run to, and the snow was falling so quietly that I drew the covers up and said I didn't want any Christ-mas at all. But suddenly Uncle Pat ran in, waving mas at all. But suddenly Uncle Pat ran in, waving two big stockings and calling, "Elizabeth, Marian! Japan is a wonderful country! Oki-San took your orders and filled them in the night!" And as we jumped out of bed screaming, I knew it wasn't Oki-San I had seen in my sleep, but mother in a blue dress; for she had come in the night, and father, too, looking and wall, and with Polly bugging him; and brown and well, and with Rolly hugging him; and Manny and I hadn't been in her arms a minute before it was really Christmas.



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John Jones was aye a model lad The days he went to school: Jim Smith was generally bad And acted like a fool.

Folks said that little Johnny Jones Would be a person great, While Jim, they said in minor tones, Would have a sorry fate.

So good and true a boy was John-What harm could come to him-But all would gravely comment on The future life of Jim.

Jones is an honored man to-day, Beloved, wealthy, bright. Smith is in jail-What's that?-Oh, se Sometimes the folks are right.



FRANKLIN P. A AMS.

Don't be afraid of soap. At first you will fill his eyes with soapsuds, but with practice you will get so that some of the suds will be distributed elsewhere. Now, rinse and dry with a coarse towel, cover with face powder, and, rolling him up in blankets, set in oven to dry for half an hour. A slow oven is best. For the first two or three times, it is best to give the baby his bath while his mother, the trained nurse and the neighbors are out and you have tipped off the chief of police beforehand. Tom Masson,

I'm a Sunshine One.

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By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.

When things go criss-cross, mama says: "A stranger girl has come: I do not like her manners, and I wish she'd stay at home.

"I think her mama bught to make Her lie all day in bed. And not come frowning here-I want a sunshine girl instead."

And then it somehow seems, right off. The criss-cross things are gone. There's no bad girl-there's only me-· And I'm a sunshine one!

Down the path and up the lune.

And through the neighbor; gate.

Oh people going out to dine

Should never start too late



BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

SAW it. It was only a Japanese doll and Uncle Pat did the talking."

"Only a doll!" exclaimed Uncle Pat, in such a terrible voice that Manny peeped through her fingers and Rolly laughed. "Only a doll!" roared Uncle Pat, sitting on the edge of his chair, with his paper in one hand. He was so funny, rumpling his hair up like a bugaboo man, that I whispered to Manny: "It's the ogre! It's the fireplace ogre!" and we crawled behind Uncle Pat's big chair and hid, because that's a game we play while he reads, when Greta sends us up there before bedtime. You see father and mother are very far away on a sea-voyage for father's health, and we miss them most when it begins to grow dark. Besides, there are such ducky places to hide in Uncle

"What do you mean, Rollington," said Uncle Pat, "by coming up here with your grown-up airs, to spoil sport for us?"—for Rolly is ten going on eleven, and when Uncle Pat makes rabbits of his pocket-handker-

which one of the rat makes rabbits of his pocket-handkerchief, or lets a quarter come into your hand that
wasn't there before, Rolly just says:
"I can do that. It's dead easy!"

Now Rolly winked at Uncle Pat,—I saw him, but
Uncle Pat rumpled his hair and wagged his heard in a
perfectly terrible way and pulled a fierce voice out of,
his boots and granted. his boots and growled:

"Do you defy us, sir? Have you forgotten this is Christmas Eve? Is your education so limited that you don't know we can ring up a Japanese fairy when we please?" Rolly grinned and drummed on the table, but Uncle Pat pretended to be furious. Manny and I always play his games are true, because they are fun-nier that way.

"If men of your age. Rollington, have so little respect for a young lady fairy when you find one kowtowing on my hearth-rug, you'd better not call until she leaves, for the Japanese are a very polite people. Do you suppose Santa Claus cannot stop by Japan and bring her along when two young ladies of my acquaintance request a Japanese fairy, for variety this year? My dears,"—Uncle Pat dodged his head around the chair, while Manny and I crawled out,—"I think Rollington had better leave us. His is evidently not the up-to-date Christmas spirit. Rolly, suppose you in-vestigate the further end of the Den while we confer together." Rolly didn't mind. He just stood on his hands and went down the room that way, and Manny screamed laughing, until she rolled over, a little ball, at Uncle Pat's fect, and lay there staring through her curls, the way she does when she's asleep. When all was quiet Uncle fat took his paper up again.

"Now we will proceed to business." "People who do not believe everything be-liev-able about Christmas are not admitted except by card. Marian, I think you suggested that Santa Claus is more pressed with work each year because there are more children every season, and we decided that it would be polite to communicate with him through his typewriter or advance agent. We had chosen a representative from Japan, when Rollington broke in upon us with his barbarous ideas. We will commence again.

Then Uncle Pat made a horn of his paper and put it to the fireplace—he keeps a fireplace always, because he says he could not expect Santa Claus at his age to squeeze down a register, and he called up through it:

"Hello!" said a little voice that sounded far away, though Rolly says it's just Uncle Pat's voice made "YAES, AUGUSTNESS," THE DEAR LITTLE VOICE SAID, "OKI-SAN IS MY MOS" MISERABLE NAME."

"Is this Santaville, Klausland?" said Uncle Pat. "Yes," said the voice. "May I speak with his Excellency's private secre-

"He's at the 'phone, Mr. Trevor," said the voice; "we applied awhile ago, but our representative from Japan returned very much chagrined."

"I wish to apologize to the charming young lady in person," said Uncle Pat; "may I ask the favor of her return? The interruption was caused by the entrance

over it. He got behind his paper to read, and Manny and I watched a pasteboard box at his feet. Of course, we knew that Uncle Pat would have to take the cover off and lift out what was in it—but never mind. et like it better Uncle Pat's way—the story way. Presently he looked over his recovery and story way. ently, he looked over his paper and said;

of a stranger who does not belong to the Klan of Klaus,"—he says that's what being a Santa Claus girl

precious to-night. Good-by," said the voice.

going to read until she arrives."

"She will return for a few moments, but time is

"Thank you, good-by!" said Uncle Pat. "Now, I'm

"Will her wear her bu' dess?" asked Manny, with her finger in her mouth and her eyes very sleepy.

"The blue kimono-of course," said Uncle Pat; "from

the glimpse we had, I fancy it is something like my dressing-gown." Uncle Pat's dressing-gown was a

gorgeous one of wadded silk with peafowl feathers

There came a little scratching and sighing, and Uncle Pat slipped the top of the box off with his

slipper toe, and there she was, in the blue kimono. Uncle Pat was behind his paper, and Manny crept to his knee and stared down at the darling little creature on the rug-a little Japanese girl only a foot high, and such a beauty!

"I am honored by the presence of the princess—what name, O flower of the almond bough?" said Uncle Pat; and the dearest little voice said, "Yaes, Augustness! Oki-San is my mos' miserable name.'

lap of earth!" said Uncle. "May I ask if you are an advance agent to his Ex-

"Yaes, mos' honorable sir," murmured the tiny sweet voice, which Rolly said came from behind Uncle Pat's paper—but Manny and I like it better the other way—"I'm mos' miserable re-pre-sen-ta-tive of His Mightdiness, Sanda Claus, who dis-patch me because he is bes'

"His Egcellency waits the re-ques' of the mos' hon-

"The Honorable Marian will commence. Baby, Santa Claus wishes to know what you want for a Christmas gift," said Uncle Pat. "Dat 'ittle bu' dolly," said Manny.

"The Honorable Marian will request of His Ex-cellency a doll as much like yourself, Oki-San, as is consistent with court etiquette. Watch her kowtow at that!" said Uncle Pat, and the little blue creature nearly

"The Honorable Elizabeth will now make her wants

"I'm Elizabeth. I want a new paint-box—a good one," I said. Then I stopped because it suddenly seemed as if Christmas gifts were not any good at all if mother wasn't there, too, and I wanted so dreadfully to see her that nothing else mattered. But I was afraid Manny would cry if I said so aloud. So I jumped up and whispered in Uncle Pat's ear:

He held me tight for a minute, and I hid my face on his shoulder and tried hard not to cry. Then he said very loud:

"Thangs, mos' honorable sir," said the tiny voice; will the mos' splendid Lord Rollington mage re-ques'

"The most splendid Rollington is of very advanced age," said Uncle Pat; "he has a leaning towards golf sticks, books and motor cars at present, but we can indulge you once, Oki-San. Rollington, do you hear?

"Watch how she bows! Rests her head upon the

cellency, Santa Claus?"

please to re-ceive the re-ques' of two beautiful ladies whose hair is lig the sun on rice fields and whose lips are nize pink lig as cherry-boughs!" "Is dat dolly for me?" asked Manny.

"Hush, dear, do not interrupt Oki-San," said Uncle Pat, and even Rolly came back to hear the conversation, and to see the tiny, lovely thing in a blue kimono standing at Uncle Pat's feet. The little voice went on:

upset on the toe of his slipper.

"Oh, tell Santa Claus I want mother, please-tell him please to send mother home! I don't want any-

"Oki-San, the Honorable Elizabeth wishes a new paint-box, and conditions at present prevent the men-tion of her other requests. But I can communicate them through the wireless 'phone to Klausland."